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Shadows Which Haunt
the Sun-Rain

BY JOHN COLLIER

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Sun-Rain

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“LET MEN REALIZE THAT THEIR MOST
COMPREHENSIVE DUTY, IN THIS OR
OTHER WORLDS, IS INTENSITY OF SPIRI-
TUAL LIFE.”—FREDERIC W. H. MYERS

THE GOLDEN BOUGH

But if in your mind be such a deep desire, so great a passion, learn how in a shadowy tree there lurks a golden bough, golden in leaf and pliant twig. All the grove hides it; dells of shadow close it in. But if that bough be rent away, another succeeds it, all of gold; and the branch breaks into foliage of gold.

Into the hidden earth no man may go, but only he who has plucked from the tree its golden bough. For Proserpine has ordained, it shall be brought to her; it is her own peculiar offering.—Virgil: Æneid, VI, 124.

THERE is a waste of mountains, with inhabited valleys and with forests burnt and torn, but the calm of eternal years, on unfrequented lawns of the far smoky domes, is unchanged as of yore. There many Zarathustras will go, in years which are to be. For on those thousand summits, no fiery rain of the lumberer can ever fall. No gash of the digger for gold, or murk of foundries, will ever claim these sanctuaries. And their multitude, and thunder and fluctuating chill of summertime, and their humility of enchanting sameness, from hundreds of peaks to hundreds more, guards them from hurrying summer crowds. Shepherds will know these lawns, and kine will trample them, for yet a million years, and the sudden gush from sub-tropical lowlands will touch with thrilling purple and red the arctic flora in their cloudy blue, and the crowded and gnome-like beech and tortured oak-boughs will cry their cry of Terra del Fuego, and the flying menacing cloud will speed as combers do around the Horn. Forever and ever, most olden Mountains; builders of a continent in your silent invisible way, ye will be tombs of man when all his course is run.

There the Golden Branch is shown. It is shown to all, who go with eyes to see.

When out from their quiet dream, their monotony of frozen waves between verge and verge, their hum of bees

or dropping of dew, there flames the Golden Bough, none who are truly living ever fail to see. When from the cumulus, miles upon miles in chasmic air, one sword of lightning falls: when sunrise rolls, a concentered infinity, on the eastward marge: when the last dim throne in the west becomes a shade: or when the Milky Way holds its arc from bound to bound: then, to the Golden Bough, I have seen an old, pitifully enduring Negro dumbly turn. I have seen mountain-girls thrilled as with flame by that Golden Bough, and three-year children made to dance as the sheep dance, solitary and ecstatically, on the Hebrid hills. I knew a man, who came from the troughs of a city, from the brothels, whose wild oats, sown too long, had bred a confining growth around his soul. He thrilled, at the sundown showing of the Golden Bough; he did not renounce or weep, and he gloriously remembered, and (for this was his way) he passed, for all one windy night, through the whipping of mighty sounds around blazing boughs, to that place where, until death, he may not go again. 'Deeper than bloom of virtue or stain of sin': such was the Golden Bough to this elder friend, unmet since boyhood long ago.

What is the Golden Bough? Is it not the magnetic destiny of all that is known? It is no more One than souls are, in all the maze that we know as Life and all the maze that we think we do not know. Yet in human experience, myriadly involved, it is indeed One, and they who plumb the Soul, and they who trace World and Race as constraining, unifying powers, shall meet through the Golden Bough. The Symbol it is, behind the desirous symbols of finite dream; the Will, burning unutterably toward us, impassioned personal wills, from past the immanent veils of cosmic law. Tragic, and irreducible, and unique, and glad, the Golden Bough flames on mortal brows, and God in His deeps is illumed. Earth, our titan Mother, lives where we are faded toward the eternal Golden Bough. In cathedral orioles it glows, on domes and obelisks of the sundered yéars; and on these mountains, gone into mystic

remembrance from Thebes and Louvain, gone into deathless life, the Golden Bough more deeply blooms.

To save the race; to clasp with ever widening arms a life ever gone; to fulfil desire, like the swiftness of flame, or tortuously by subtle sublimation; to transmit, through art and creed and through collective forms, some mightier Life which comes from underneath dream: such, O Thou Golden Branch in Shadow, is the ageless quest for Thee. So in dawn-hours, of childhood and the earthly prime, so haply amid vanished dewes of an earlier, dimmer dark, Thy garden grew: Thy garden, O Golden Bough, Thy close in the impenetrable wild yet near at hand for all. Through life in its battling inward ways, through the ashes and hates and dreams of the being and the clan, lead burdened roads, unchartered forever yet fateful, irretrievable, to Thy mystic close. But here, O Golden Bough, on mountains without a name save the euphonies of a perished race, where lesser fancy has not builded its walls or weaved its veils, where utility, resting upon the deeps, is the law of all of human life that abides: here, on the dim Unakas, the Nantahalas and Snowbird and Great Smoky mountains, surely the flash of Thy destiny, the moan and far thunder-call and plover-cry of Thy desire are supernally known.

O Golden Bough, only our lives, only what passes ordered words and is the elusive and pain-haunted lovely shadow within any form, can hint of Thee. So is Thy revelation a herdsman whom of our dreams and familiar virtues, our irreducible crimes and hopes, are the following sheep forever. To Thee, fleeing from the world, we return; to Thee, through its workways, its deserts and pastures, we go. Love is Thy mightiest sign; love insatiate, finite love, finite love in deed. On what far skies, divine with bloom of Thee, our groping or battling shadows are cast—this we may not yet know. We are more than we know; and the roots of these mountains and of these mountain-ages, even like the fleeing intensity of their passing hour, are near to our roots and haply are one with

our piteous intensities. And He who goes and She who goes down the mystic steep of tomorrow: heart of our heart, flesh of our flesh, soul of our soul: death of our death, life of our life: child of the dark womb of our tomorrow, breath of the marriage-dream: they are of Thee, O Golden Bough; Thou art these; on us Thou waitest, with them; unto us Thou comest. For them, for us, for Thee, these far-heaved mountains are not a tomb; not a dead temple, nor alien illusion turned to a symbol; no cosmic waste or sphynx with claws beside the breast. To Thine, to us, to Thee, they are—our home!

I would call them the Loved Home of Thee. Not I can breathe, what only genius would know to speak, the word for many who are wordless and lowly, whose clan is journeying fast toward these perished ones that loved for long this continental home; whose tradition and hope are dying like dew in the blast of a fiercer transition-day. But genius O Golden Bough, is Thine own propulsive revelation; it is ours but through Thee; humanity shall woo it, as Thy love inhabiting the twilight verges and the dreams of night was wooed from darkness to day, shall snare it as Thy kindred lightning was willingly snared, shall dig it from the undepletable mines of Thy human ore, as the awful fountains or cataract-declensions of measurable Being are dug from radium mines. On mightier human emprise in the years that shall be, Thine abounding genius waits. From it, no pathetic identity, no sundered passion will be lost; the crumbled years are new, in that Place of its home. Still there is love: O Golden Bough, here on Thy mountains, and on the mountains of Thy human way. And O, in Whose shadow alone, of limitation, of unwitholding joy, of pain or disillusionment or courageous lowliness, Thy light abides: Thou, though withholding genius, wilt even receive love: from these, Thy children, these, Thy mountains, these, leaves of Thy forest swaying to one wind, these, Thy faces of home!

THE MEANING OF GOD

I

SOUL! whence breathes it, heaving
On thine uncharted shore,
This tide-foam of believing
In God evermore?

On the dark cosmos, burning
With the stars which outlast,
Through thine eyes He is yearning
Who is winged for that vast,

Who through thy dream is pondering
Toward the doom, toward the goal,
And the foam of Whose wandering
Is heaven in the soul.

O Soul, thou hast symbol'd forth
God, thy desire.
He is light on thy silent north,
In thy shrine He is fire.

From thine own deep thou symbolest Him,
Thou symbolest His shrine,
Till out from His kingdom dim
Symboleth He thine!

II

So there is a God of the world.
And He little grieves
How the years and their ruin are hurled;
How the mountain heaves

Green in the air of spring,
Till there flee
A million summers and bring
The hill to the sea,

Sand on the formless shore;
And He little deems

That bloom or ruin are more
Than the mist of His dreams.

No; through that dim World-Soul
Who hath life indeed,
We shall garner the thunder-roll
With the whispering reed,

Bloom on the bridal brow
With the avalanche,
And melting of April snow
With the withered branch;

And there, in a seven-fold shrine
Like the heart of a child,
We shall kindle a flame divine.
Lo, the weary, the wild,

The wondrous and ravenous
Fuel of old earth
And the yearning heart of us,
Sorrow of birth,

Sorrow of all defeat,
All weariness,
For the shrine of that God are meet:
Thither our blind souls press.

III

And does any vibration waver
In the vast march of ether through the night
Pouring on dawning planet-shores forever,
Because there is a God of love and might?

And does any peal of thunder
In the vague air from summer cloud to dome
Of ancient mountain, breathe a different wonder
Because through God the universe is home?

The soul asks never;
Only the brain asks what we scarce need deem.

The soul made God, who is but Love Forever,
Knowing, law being law, God must be dream.

But by those forges

Mysterious, where the will is beaten to form,
By the dark moaning of the windy surges
Where inner life heaves to the inner storm,

There is God: towering

Life-wrought, silent while countless ages roll,
Dim, never-known, unwearyingly dowering
With love, love, love the never-wearying soul.

LIFE UNDER CLOUD: A FRAGMENT

MIST on thy ruddy bloom
And rain upon thy grass:
Let not the cloudy doom
Change, or the dumb hour pass!

Here the divine fain hands,
The brow gleaming in shade
And feet on lonely sands
Dim heaven have made.

Deep in thy rooted grain,
In thy dripping oaken boles,
Through chemic power again
Great sunfire rolls!

There where the sunfires glow,
Where the sun-fountains play,
In thy dark drenched sod below,
Spring hath her deathless day.

I do not crave the hour
When, like a laughing sea,
Sun power shall meet sun power
And gloom be past from thee!

PERSEPHONE

(UNDER THE LIVE OAK, CHARLESTON)

"Faint as the climate-changing bird, which flies
All night across the darkness"

N O light have I known more lovely on land or sea,
No wind more Arcadian on valley or mountain far,
Nor the olden haunted campagnas of Italy
Hold more of the years and the dreams and the way of
the star.

Here under the sculptural live-oak, the arms afar,
Moss-flowing and olive-dark, of the ancient tree,
In a world self-bounden, the shrines of Wonder are—
A cloud 'round the oracle of Eternity!

Now through me, vaguely as on strings a player plays
Music not heard by his own inward ear,
By faint tides breathed over far drowned estrays,
The calm power of dumb music breathes like prayer.
Now the dark solitude of the world's year
Eternal, flows again with living rays;
And Demeter returns, Enna is here,
Persephone returns on mystic ways.

What is there garnered, here on the haunted shore!
Here are long-lost dim Aprils, faintly blown,
And old pains heaped dim in the cloistered store,
And lost fulfillments, and what seed unknown:
Persephone knows them for all her own,
She garners their wild longings evermore,
Her wavering wings are never never flown
Through the glittering invisible opened door!

And our own soul weds with the life of these,
Oaks and gray waters, wastes of shell and sand;
We are yon moan of the far travailing seas—
Harp strings played by a deliberate hand.
No desire of the flesh alone, or memory fanned

To illusion in brooding finite reveries,
Nor perishing glow is this Lightning along our strand,
The indwelling lightning of earth-realities!

No revelation degrades the Fact into cloud.
I see them and measure, and name and comprehend,
These trees and birds and the far-off ocean loud,
Tides of the deep and the hours, flights of the wind,
Mysteries the yellow tide-weeds drown and bind.
In the ancient grapple the ancient back is bowed;
Still is innumerable Being fain and blind,
Utterly the Plower keeps the field he ploughed.

Nor in vicarious being they link and climb,
Nor any borrowed pulse-beat, like hum of hives,
Thrills through the redbreast nigh and the nether clime
Whose expiring tide in these flooded bayous lives.
Ah, naught She takes who a further glory gives!
No stern dark consequence and no budding prime
Is forbidden, though here the mysterious lightning rives
All bonds of the human vision from our night of time!

Demeter is not less here than of old,
She our laboring Mother of famine and doom,
Of stormy wailing along the world-wide wold
And the undying hope flaming in gloom.
She is not less; Demeter keeps her womb
Of earth in burden, the 'wildering fold on fold
Of the unsolved tomorrow, dust and bloom,
Undying wandering, passionate will untold.

But is there word that can tell the thing I deem—
What the moment deems, and I its messenger—
The chord smote far off yonder by waves that stream
Fain to the morning sunlight on the bar,
Oh any word, before it has gone afar
On other world-ways, and down the ancient beam
Of that same vast sun another mote is a star
And I am the whisperer whispering into dream?

It tells me earth is Demeter of old years,
Seeking Persephone on mystic shore.
Born of Demeter is Life. Yet she who bears
Desires Life. Into the darkling door,
Womb of the mother, Life gives back its store,
Gives back its toils, its laughter, thirsts and fears
And all desire of life forevermore
And centuries of all its love and tears.

Vague, vague the dream out of the shrine upflowing
The Soul and its Mistress-mother on an olden way,
And an ecstasy and long long toil into moonflowers blowing,
First-born of the Earth and Soul, Persephone;
And she went away as clouds into sunset flee,
And above our Aetna her beauteous cloud hangs glowing,
And our quest for her fountain hath its mystic Sicily,
And the world is a harvest for her far and supernal mowing!

Earth-mother, Demeter, dark and passionate-fair,
On whose vague knees, oh Mystery, we are stayed,
Whose Will of Shadow crowns our love, our prayer,
Whose Romance glows on all our ways of shade—
In thy deep eyes her deeper shadow is laid,
And her supernal Enna is everywhere,
Persephone, whom thine endless age hath made,
Born of our life, thy womb, her dream is there!

She was old when Plato dreamed 'neath Hymettos' brow;
She gleamed like a snowdrop in holy cloistral gloom;
Over the ice and the deep, like a northern glow
She brightened when the modern Argo went forth to roam.
She is young today as when earth's last dawn shall bloom;
From eternal wellsprings all her communions flow—
Persephone, deep in the cosmic tomb
Desiring Demeter and we who fade like snow!

She shall breathe back glory into our living,
Strength to our wings fleeing from pole to pole,
And her large peace not weary with ever striving,

Her pang which is as heaven in our soul:
For she has rounded the all-outwearing goal,
And she is eager-eyed for the arriving
Of the young God, journeying 'mid ageless dole
Labyrinths of law of the divine contriving!

Year after year she deepens but does not change.

May after May with its rout of odor and fire,
April by April, wing through their skyey range.

Sun after sun goes down to its wildwood-pyre

On jasmine and palm and the pine-sea's tidal choir:
And the Soul, who through Earth wrought Wonder nor
found her strange,

Is a child made silent by love's dim first desire,
And fain is the Mistress-mother in her world-deep grange!

TO A HUMAN LIFE

I

YOU are a sword-blade held across all reckoning,
You are a burning angel at the gate.
Life you are, dream you are, poignantly beckoning
Past Eden—loved, desirous human Fate!

Never in Eden such desire bloomed!
On the world's wild ways your compassion leads.
You lighten toward a world more blithely doomed,
Toward goals more urgent and diviner speeds.

II

From the inner dark gushes your spirit-rain
Formless in its divine intensity
But Ys hath faded down into the main;
There is no symbol left for speech with thee!
Far off the sunward deep the night-wraiths flee,
The great Light burns into the east again,
The symbols fade into the mother-sea
And the spells fade in this old prison-brain.

All, all the symbols of yesternight fall wan
And the dreamer awakens, who . . . wills now to go.
Deep were the veils, proud, deep, ended and gone,
But deeper, lovelier the engulfing flow
Oceanic, of this living human Dawn
Where no dream truly dies, where Life dares know!

III

And the symbols flee as shadows flee away.
There is no symbol left but love and deed,
Unwearying deed down the world's dim estray,
Love wheresoever life's dim hosts shall lead,
Laughter where life's blind feet shall burn or bleed,
Unwearying joyance where life's fires fall gray,

Unwearying giving to life's boundless need,
Unwearying faith in life's and love's dim sway,
And in life's bitter fruitage, plenteous meed!

So Life out of a Manger called the soul
Back from its cloudy land, its tombs and lees,
To track 'mid beauteous bitter earth its goal
And 'mid the lilies its futurities
And 'mid the marriage-wine its hope grown whole.
You call . . . and I seem like the least of these!

THE SILENT HOUND

NOT reasonably, but oh, forlorn, forlorn,
Forlorn, when the great portals open wide!

Dull gold flows heaped on the western marge
Dull crimson flows and fiery violet
And flowing green of near cool luminous oceans
And now—the Night Winds, poured from the dark
sundown;

Under the cold half-moon are the spires wavering,
The unearthly cedars shake their spiring plumes.
Now, now Forlorn as the last voice of man
On the last shore of the last life's last dream,
Forlorn, forlorn, forlorn unreasonably!

Why by the gleaming of the moon, forlorn,
Oh why forlorn, by the great ruby blaze
In the heart of cedarn ashes, the wind pouring
Life 'round the flying wizardry of night-fire,
And all the crowding and all the soaring wonder
Of night in a cedarn forest, a windy forest,
An autumn wildwood under the icy moon:

Forlorn, here by the throne of Magic deathless,
By the trampling of earth's pallid phantom wonders,
Earth's dream and passion of all my living years?

. . . Yet the soul goes its own vain infinite journey;
The glory of the world opens the portal.
I hear the Hound of Heaven seeking afar,
And the following Love, a flying torch in heaven
And flying rumor of the dark Lover of all.
But I no longer on the track of worlds or ages
Seek the lone quarry of human wandering;
The insatiable quest unto one questing soul,
Soul for one only soul, and the piteous hour
Of soul clasping desirous soul in vain,
This is enough. I am the Hound of Heaven
Tracking through wastes volcanic and perished stars
And the cold graves of peoples on moons grown cold,
I am the Hound of Heaven. Oh my friend,
I am forlorn for you, and I am vain,
Forlorn unreasonably, since our life is well,
Unreasonably, because our human road
Wending through mists and in sleep-walking ways,
Hardly is meant to lead where the Hound wanders
To whom fulfillment is but an ash of fire,
But more forlorn for that the ineffable night,
Raining around me beauty whereof I die,
Wherefore I seem to live, brings a dark magic.

Opened the gate, gone forth the Hound of Heaven.
The silent Hound gleams in the search of old,
And the forlorn stars and wastes of dead stars
Token the quest of soul for human soul!

TO AALESUND

A VOICE out of darkness
Calls to you, calls to you,
A voice out of darkness,
And that is life.

A gleam in the darkness
Shines to you now.
A gleam in your darkness—
Your life is the gleam.

We are children of darkness.
Oh the vast dark
Where worlds in the darkness
Float in that sea!

Deep Being is darkness.
Light is good,
But no war against darkness
Need reality sustain.

We are born out of darkness,
Dark is our heart.
We dream within darkness—
Our source is dream.

Only from darkness,
Creation breathes.
There is light in darkness
Our eye cannot see.

Nor far into darkness
Lead the voice or gleam.
They are heralds of darkness
To our margins of light.

We shall know darkness,
Simply and sure
As this marge of darkness,
Our light of the brain.

We go to darkness—
There are other eyes.
God in His darkness
Is like our soul.

Out of darkness
Wells the living stream
From the heart of darkness
Of mountains afar.

Around in darkness
The ages wait,
Guardians of darkness,
And it is well.

Keep we our darkness,
Fear it not.
Our life is darkness.
Love is our life.

THE DUNES

(PROVINCETOWN)

THE whispering
As of a vast Soul taking flight, I hear,
And it is gone.
And yet Returning, past the last keen bound
Of all intensity,
Thundering
Are the unseen dreadful wings of holy Beauty,
Thundering
Are the World Soul's impalpable wings. A torment
At the inner shrine of mortal being, the dunes!

Whispering
Oh, multitudinous, when the glimmering river
Floods on dune-grass, and the keen shadows hasten:
The dark wind-river shakes the enchanted grasses
And the sea crowds whitening against the dunes:
Moon-flood on dunes and desert
Whispering
Goes the vast Soul, winged for eternity,
And there is moaning at the inner human shrine.

Man can cope with the sea;
Not irremediably vain ever and ever
Is the passion for the wave
Or the loud song, wakening in mountain chasms
Or toward far heaven
And spraying gulf even of the Milky Way.
There is some utterance, some work, some end;
At least oblivion
Palpably comes, murmuring, Sleep, it is ended!

But there is no peace on the unutterable,
The intense, the impassable, oh the passionate dunes.
Man can cope never
With What strikes yet all chords of passionate pain

And racks all nerves with a last ecstasy
Beyond all tongue or deed or any gesture,
Leading to the intense court of the Gods
Man, wrought Its own image,
Made as an instrument for Its fleet passion,
Tissue of the tissue of supreme Dominion,
Knowing Its infinity,
Yet utterly dumb, all vain . . . when whispering
Waits the ineffable court of the dim Nameless,
When thundering
Are the gleaming and invisible godly wings,
When silently
Flees the dune-Soul to the unreachable Throne!

THE CHRIST

CHRIST in Gethsemane? On Golgotha?
There is no wakening soul of humankind
Who is not Christ over, over and over !

No wakening brain of all,
Which is not the fleet nesting place of birds
Journeying from other climes to other climes;
Till the remembering nest falls, wasted afar
On world winds blowing from climes to unknown climes.

All our awakening souls
Are but winged creatures blown in the vast storm.
Now is the equinox: from clime to clime
Wing the controlling values of our soul.
And they beat down the Atlantic's autumn gloom
Or the March-blast at ocean, and do not fail;
But our life *is* only a storming air
Pierced by those gray wings flying from clime to clime,
It is no resting-place, no Labrador's
Field of the berry fringing the unchanging snow
Or pampa where snow falls no more forever.

No matter, oh no matter,
Be we the world or be we souls desiring,
Let only understanding come, or dream
Turn into wine the water as it can do;
Let us but follow where light leads or wings
Throb to a signal in the unsounding dark,
Oh let us clasp aught greater fairer values,
And we are Christs, even as that One who moaned
Knowing in Gethsemane the burden of man,
Knowing on Golgotha what in the equinox
The bird knows, plying from clime to unknown clime,
Curlew of the Arctic, following the scudding cloud
Or cold aurora or the instant lightning's flare.
But there is no rest for those passionate wings;

They leap from the Argentine to Labrador,
Leap, and fail never though myriad myriads fail,
Myriad myriads drowned in the Atlantic
While the race of Curlews journeys from pole to pole.

No humblest among us all,
But he is in very truth Christ's doom divine,
Christ's doom man's migratory dream desires,
All of that Christ hopeless to furthest hope,
Yes, all of Christ, seeing how the rock is cloud,
Seeing the glowing pampas are sheet-lightning
And the snow-fringing fields are cold auroras:
For these things Christ saw in Gethsemane
And on Golgotha these things Christ must know,
Being divine, being of us, the fleeing
Race of gray curlews of nether destiny.

Wonderful thought—we *are* Christs, since we live,
For of the race of mortal Man we are

THE FESTIVAL

"So thou shalt have thy silent festival, ere the end."—Fiona Macleod.

THE rumurous gorge lies blind like love or death.
Slowly to radiant ash the fire dies.
Tumultuous water crowds the dark beneath,
Echoing through woodland glooms 'mid the night cries.

. . . . Like life it seems, as in our heart of hearts
We human wanderers would that life might be.
Only the arrowing Nantahala parts
Our night, our mountains of mortality.

Far on dim domes of mountains without name,
From springs where lean the burden'd berry-boughs
And beechen ardens, Nantahala came.
Glorious toward eternal seas it flows.

It gladdens—ah, young waves on basalt shoal!
Saddens—memory older than the tomb!
It fills with shouting and with music's soul
This quarried gorge towering through viewless gloom.

Father of gorges, maker of the hills,
Child of the Sea which was and is for aye—
Ah Nantahala how your roaring stills
Our wayward roarings of a little day!

. . . . There where in memory a Shadow gleams
Against a shadow of shadowy white-pine bole
From irrecoverable hours, grope the dreams—
They go toward ice-floes of the unreach'd Pole

Along the old, unhopeful, fateful way
Of life's adventure since the cave-man roamed,
The quest of souls and of love's victory
By fitful-finite man divine and doomed,

The quest of God. Yet boundlessly supreme
O'er the wasted unfulfill'd intention, glows
That quest, which is its own fulfilling dream—
Pulse of the world! and Nantahala knows.

. . . . What wannest radiance floats among the skies?
What foam of Nantahala shimmers there
Beyond the laurel? What lone extacies
From olden mountain skylands wing like air

Toward the eastern world-wall? Oh the Dawn of Dawns,
The moon-dawn glimmers! How the mountain-pent
Fain Nantahala thunders! far-off lawns,
Far domes of mountains drink their sacrament,

. . . . And out into the valley mystical
Which seems our life indeed, the Shadow flows
Who hath made deeper even the Dream of All,
The dream, the passion Nantahala knows!

HUMAN LOVE

WINDS, blown over worlds of the rooted pine,
Over the stormy boundaries of wide ocean,
Great happy atmospheres breathed in the
sundown,

Breathed with their bounty to the unasking waters,
Then through some human revery, far on the ocean,
Quickening in intimation of holy land . . .
So the great Yearning of our life breathes now.

It is so ministrant, so beautiful,
So healing with remembrance grown more fair
Across the brief eternal hours between!
Ah, it is moving, it is beautiful,
Knowing how the life-yearning breathes and dreams
Through the selfsame hour, in places never known
To each, to each an utter home today!
It is so beautiful and so forlorn,
Knowing all the human years to-be its own,
And beyond all the human years to-be
Knowing it will breathe over the close of all,
Knowing it will blow over the storming bound
Of the great Ocean like pine-odorous air,
When we who love more infinitely hour on hour
Shall be but odor and rumor thinning there
Where the great wind blows down the quiet sea!

Mournful, and beautiful! But O Love in God,
If there is any meaning in all Being,
In any form or power of the world,
Any sufficiency or peace or home
To the eternal striving of desire
Up the long spiral of the lives of races,
Then our life-yearning, love past understanding,
Our beating of the wings of more than man
In a life more than man's brain can imagine,
Our yearning of soul for embodied soul,
Is peace, is home and is sufficiency
In a world saddened with wonder through its power!

THE SOUL · MINISTRANT

THAT far low line of purple shore,
Elusive, unaltering,
Intimates you forevermore,
O Soul, faltering

Perduring soul! It can not give
All to our heart's desire,
Yet 'mid its vague horizons live
Our own twilights and fire.

And you give not all of your dream
To us in your strange shadow
Who creep or wing in your dim gleam,
Who drowse in your marsh-meadow.

Yet, Soul! We to yon silent tides,
Those vast pines to our heaven,
Through your one mystery, which abides,
Are utterly given!

Is there not somewhere, long unknown,
Soul—all veils entered through—
One place where verily and alone
We shall know you?

THE DOCTRINAIRE

"The deep meaning of the laws of Mechanism lay heavily on these anchorites in the desert of understanding."—Novalis.

HE is armored by his own soul against wonder.
He waits on the slow waves of time to sunder
Or the slow freezing in the crumbling stone
To rift, the gray still wall his dream has builded
That his own gaze may from the stars be shielded
And the flaming distances claim not their own.

He looks on the present's ringing wildernesses
With sounds and energies and pathless places
And men with sorrow and magic in their faces
And the sweeping highroad where a world's march presses
And the boundless horizon that shines of God.
He looks on the past with all its tombs and glories
And its dominating brow of runic stories
And its wings that beat with more heroic stresses
Than ours, and the mightier hopes that bore its load.

And the great world seems an onwelling flood
To others, and its last law none has known,
And who has its confining margin trod!
He can descry the boundary, he alone;
Minute, tyrannic, clangorous grows life's good,
And the sublime Experience is done.

Oh soul, oh soul, walled in by his own stone!

Till the confines of the half understood
Which seemed a world's wall, melt before the sun,
And toward the old verge blooms the deathless mood
And the prison built from dream sinks and is gone,

And the dim generation knows the glories
Of earth, and the marvel of unfinished stories . . .

TO HAVELOCK ELLIS

(On reading the concluding volume of "Studies in the Psychology of Sex.")

YOU have shown us what none has all-shown before,
What each has guess'd though all our eyes were
blind,

What few dared claim though its mysterious store
Heap'd high the world-wide granary of our kind.

Sweet, oh and terrible it dawns, to find
Our shame's irradiation earth's white lore;

Strange, oh and sweet, to know our wing'd mind
Shame's beauteous avatar forevermore!

You write of the torch-race sung long ago.

To me it seems you clasp a whole world's hand,
Leading a whole world toward a throne of snow,
A truth and dream calm o'er our turmoil'd land.
Fields, homes, lone dells, fang'd glaciers are below,
And any little child can understand!

TO ONE IN DISTRESS

WHAT old, old symbol of the Race
Can I bring thee, to quicken thee
Out of the dust-devoted place
Wherein, beside a wither'd tree,
Thou criest in lesser fealty?

Symbol of running waters, yea
And watchword of the rolling tide
Snow-fair around gaunt shores for aye,
And light of sunsets that abide
Though the zone of dark be deep and wide!

Symbol of dust, symbol of rain;
And of the dark seed in the womb
And birth through the dark doors of pain,
And last illusion of the tomb,
And all the mystic human doom.

Oh Life, controll'd by circumstance
Down roads by other ages worn,
Oh living Soul, by boundless Chance
Constrain'd, and now indeed o'erborne
In thy due hour: oh forlorn,

Most wavering Soul, oh Face of Fear:
They speak anew in tongues untold
From out their high eternal year—
The symbols and the hopes of old.
Hath not their ageless summons roll'd

Already, where thy moaning brain
In its own moaning seems to die?
From thy deep heart they chant again
Like matins to the morning sky
Frail Life, which art Eternity!

Thou can'st not waste that awful boon
Laid on thy far ancestral brow.
Thou can'st not sleep, thou can'st not swoon
So deeply that thou shalt not go
Down to that place where thou shalt Know.

Thou can'st not flinch, thou can'st not fail:
Because, or now, or far beneath,
The battle where thou shalt not quail
Eludes thy fear and scorns thy death.
Thine ultimate soul remembereth.

AUTUMN AND TIME

A SOUL forgotten, a World forgotten, join
In the great flame of autumn, the dim flame,
Rose of the world flaming into the sundown,
Aureole of the home-going soul of Being
And torch at the throne-door of mighty Time.

Time in the boundless ages, dimly suspended,
Arching the future, quiet as a cirrus cloud;
Time is the Lord through long dim regal hours,
Time gathering temporality sheaf on sheaf
The passage of Time's feet ages ago
Wavers in the heat yonder where cornfields die!

So we dream how the thought of Egypt in fain
gladness

Voyaged toward darkness which was Light Beyond,
And through form voyaged to the Life of Things,
And through form become symbol, tracked those plumes
Dense, dark and flushing with sheet-lightning's glimmer,
Or Time's wings beating the swift centuries,
Beating the ages of one sunbeam's halting,
Beating the crumbling of the sphinx to sand,
Beating the coming and passing of shadow forever.
Here seems the dream of Egypt near, unfading;
For Time's wings and Time's throne were real of old,
A manifest, occult and sublating flame.
The mystic rythm rises as it wanes.
And the dark fire is one, or Time, or God.

Ah, the suspended autumn afternoon!
The pulse beats and the wings beat of slow Time,
Time the dim Mighty floods in waveless air
And in vague atmospheres of lambent maple—
Floods the inhabited afternoon, Time, Time!

It is the autumn, when intensity,
All odor and white burning tremulous fire,
All ecstasy of wan foam the May-dawn knew,

And pearl and gold and snow of the cumulus,
All these intensities and their vaster bloom
Down the remote enormous July heaven,
Are folded like bird-wings in a windless evening
Or clear moist stars falling toward the verge
Dark on mid-ocean, the calm infinite ocean.

And they are folded, the immortal victories
Of God in labor toward the intense Divine,
The Beauties more than beauty, though known as flower,
Known as foam, star and wind and April grasses,
Folded, ah, like those intensities
Beating with fiery wing and lightning sheen
Into our souls which are immortal worlds,
Our souls which are Lords within mighty Time,
Which are Time knowing its own Majesty,
Time in white Aprils and waning Octobers,
In child life and life of gray Alpine stone,
Time which forever all around the globe
Shakes in the wells of dawn a pearly wing
And with dull ruby wing wafts on the sundown,
Pulse of white passionate never-waning spring
And sigh of deathless autumn by the glad tomb.
Oh it is passing on quiet fields today,
Great Time, as though they were souls of dim Man:
Time in the mighty World, the Soul mighty,
Time in the patient World, the patient Soul!

A WATCH AND A VISION

HOW dimly haunting all the soul of me,
How from my brooding hope no moment sped!
So, long ago, in childhood seemed the sea
And that far moontrack where my life was fled.
You would not be more silent were you dead;
Nor more articulate conceivably
Though the world's air owned all your voice and tread,
Not only dreams and silence! Ah, but we,

We are not only childhood hearts, or throng
Of moontrod waves remembered fain and long;
You are not like the sea which, being Fate,
Requires no victory, fears no dearth or wrong;
And I am not the singer of a song;
And human hopes too often say "Too late!"

Such divers communings hath our humankind!
Not that we would but that we must love on,
And though we would, that we can not be blind.
So swiftly our first years have flashed and flown:
We are old, and yet our heart's love hath but grown
And our hearts are as wild as the dawn-wind,
And all our unreaped harvest is just sown
And all our life's hope is but just divined.

And the following love finds ampler aims forever,
Yet love is love and its wildness changes never;
The smithy of life beats out its marvellous plan,
Yet love is love from the hillspring to the river
And our wild love is the one gift we deliver
To the last deep where God is love in man!

Oh you are as an arrow on the cord,
Your life a marvellous bow bent to the spring,
And my far longing has one only word—
Outward, wild Arrow, on your journeying!

Sea-wave, wild Lark, outward! and I would bring
To you no personal craving that hath stirred
Since the moon in the vast vale turned everything
Into your image, arrow, wave and bird!

And in the long years you will understand
That all of human love however fanned
Is tameless, hopeless, dark like mine and doomed,
A strange and holy fire through every land,
Builder of all fair forms life's eye hath scanned,
Forgotten sower of each fair deed that bloomed!

BLUE FLOWERS IN OCTOBER

BLUE flowers, you are dying in the gleam!
Here autumn rises like a wave to the shore,
All power of the far-wandering storms behind—
Hushed, poised, foam-crowned, silent before it thunders.

All the long summer, every day you bloomed;
You were a glory and joy with every dawn;
To every blazing sun you thrilled, you glowed;
From every moon's intensity you folded.
Each day the marvel waned from the blue flowers,
And every starlight found you sealed and sleeping,
And the dawn drank again your blue of the wellspring.

Flower by flower you have perished, but as dew fades;
In your dying maze no single bloom grown wan
Hints that you dream beauty or pride can die.
The equinox has trampled you, frost has laid
Its irrevocable sign of winter on all your stems,
Yet in no morn of June seemed you more fair;
Your blue is yet a fountain, a wand of God,
A star in timeless heaven.

And this last day,
When all day long the wings of winter gloom
And all day long the ritual dance and song
Unheard, of the mystic marriage, the apocalypse
Of summer, haunts a world from sod to sky—
All day you bloom; all the long day unsleeping,
Luminous all day long with thirst of being,
All day passionate, fountains of glad proud fire,
Olympian still till the last bloom shall fade.

Leal flowers, human life shall be like you!

It is the funeral of the burning year,
An Attic funeral! Oh blue flowers, you
Scant on your sere stems, while the last bird hovers
And the northwest wind murmurs of worlds of snow,
You are like Grecian maidenhood . . . or old men
dauntless,

Clear-eyed, garlanded, singing around a tomb
'Mid cedars where the Olympian violets grow!

Blue flowers, yours the mystic funeral
And that strange marriage of the eternal poles
Hymned in all rituals of all old dim lands;
Here, in your fadeless blue, the mystic meeting,
The mystic flight taking no life away!

MIDSUMMER

NOW, when the low sun lights flower and child
And the child voices and the voice of birds
In windless air make an earth sweetly wild:
Surely now, in a calm ocean isled
Under a sundown and dim fronds far-piled
On glooming mountain, fade my dark wild words!

Surely now, in the northern clime at peace,
Now while symbolic Indian oceans flow

Toward purpureal margins, have they not surcease,
Those wild words with their hum of thundering bees
In unknown lands of grave intensities

And destiny human thought can never know?

Ah! but I guess a whole world's preluding
Of marvel which shall burn life up like fire.

Ah! but I hear some deeper murmuring
Under the child's cry and all birds which sing,
Of onward marvels and the awe they bring
And loneliness at heart of all desire!

Oh far away, you who dare not make dark
The lights, although sleep has drawn near around:
You who on lonely sands with me made mark
Of haunted waves and waiting shadowy bark
And wreathed stars and the pale auroral spark—

Oh far away, hear you the nameless sound?

Doom is in that vague undertone. Old doom
Calling the tribesman from his firewarmed hearth
Into the rumurous night and forest gloom;
Still the ecstatic Shaman gropes toward bloom
In the lone darkness, and his hope seeks room
For vaster winging o'er an unknown earth.

We are within the dark stone age of time.

Though the earth gleam and every bird cry loud
And plenteous be our life and nigh sublime,
Still toward our strange soul beckons from the prime,
Murmurs from near, invisible, lonelier clime
The o'ermastering destiny vague in dream and cloud.

Oh far away, you who the arrow have thrown
Of longing, and the wine none can forget
Have tasted, on old sands no chart hath shown;
Oh you my Friend of the vague verge unknown,
We are alone yet never never alone.

It is man's soul thrids our lost darkness yet!

FRANCE

(EASTER, 1917)

O N that composite brow scarred and divine,
On that most awful brow, calm o'er the stone
Where 'mid innumerable ruin alone
Rises thine altar and that brow of thine:
Lo! all of flowers and stars and dewes that shine
In all our dream of man are there thine own,
Throned there in horror, fronting the overthrown
Rending of Titan hordes of the wizard swine.

Supremely horrible, ah, that *France* must bleed
Bare-breasted against swine raging for meat,
Knowing nor from man nor God this fiery meed,
Fronting the trampling of the bestial feet;
Supremely glorious: for life Divine indeed
Burns on that fadeless brow, benignant, sweet!

Not since Christ broke the tomb has Easter day
Flushed with more marvel down our planet's cloud.
To a new world opens this Easter's shroud;
Toward far, far onward worlds leads this new way.
Ah! for the wizard swine are there at bay
Heaped backward on waste fields their hoof has ploughed,
And gone from man's own heart their malign crowd
Which through long ages held life's hope in stay.

Full of what meaning the eternal age shall deem,
How France, saving a world's soul, saved her own;
How France, defending man's far visioning gleam,
Into the color of the gleam has grown,
France, who through horror has attained the dream,
Whose ravished life has to pure lilies blown!

RUINED LAND

(A VISION IN NANTAHALA, NORTH CAROLINA)

JUNE, 1914

From the Mountain

I

O H FRIEND, come away from the grapple of
nations and classes;
Come away to the shadowy wold, the dying
wold.

Here gushing fountains are wandering in odorous grasses
Down flowery sky-meadows with the pungent fog-
wreaths cold,

On smoky mountains in a netherland untrod, untold.
Here, in the furthest reach of untraversed passes,
It is heaven-on-earth, no hillstream, which purls, which
glasses

All those hoarier cloudland battlements of ivory or gold.

Lo! unthinkable times, aeons on aeons outbearing,
Have these old, old mountains known the millennial faring
Of starry galaxies which form and melt and are gone,
While the hillstream, ages on galactic ages wearing,
Has engendered, has nurtured a far-spread continent, pre-
paring

For the myriad lives and all the hopes they have known.

II

O Friend, where the eagle has rested, pause, and be still! . . .

Not only there, where the tremor of battle goes heaving
Through the whited modern sepulchre from mine or mill,
Or the gangrene and pestilence of battle through the
dumbly-grieving

Unmarshalled myriads, but here on the azure-cleaving,
The eternal and lonely and remembering world-old hill,
You shall know how our masters poison and rape and kill.

Though you were dead, you should go from this place
believing!

Far from the rock of the eagle's pause, lo, yonder!
There was a time, when exultant and ever profounder
 To the verge of the world flowed the cloudy wilder-
 ness on;
When the myriad shadowy coves, uniting to sunder
The enormous ranges, were arcadias of flowery wonder,
 Yes, cataracts of the lily and laurel of a southern sun.

III

From the rock of the eagle, behold! Where the murk up-
 streaming
 Veils the sad prone forests and the ashes of forest, of old
There was worth in the toil of the hillstream. The laurel's
 dreaming
 Was an odor and fire and a beacon to hearts of gold.
Not in vain was the ancient travail, the manifold
And desiring deed of the cosmic year, when teeming
With such life as receives the eternal signet gleaming
 And confronts the dawn, where yon valleys whose tale
 is told.

There was a time when the heart of humanity
Throbbled never more glad or more proud, or gently free
 Than in yonder ruined wilderness of ruined homes.
They upbuilt, they bore through a growing century
A noble folk-life unguessed by you or me
 That their sons might be brutes of burden in yon smoul-
 dering glooms!

IV

There, Friend, far to the right, where the murk is rifted;
 There in the narrowing valley where, like emerald, shows,
Far off, the grass for the gleaner! Their banner is lifted
 For the last impossible stand of a hope that goes
 Unsung into silence. Their dauntless banner glows
O'er one lonely resisting homestead The murk has
 shifted;
Now the ashes of the ruin of mammon are gray and drifted
 On the human hope and the wilderness. The ruin flows

On to some further valley.

 This is *lumbering*,
The courageous adventure whereof sagas and bard-harps sing
From the morning of man. The engines and the wheels
 and fire,
The greed and the ruin, the wage-bait's poisoning
And yon forest and humanity turned to an ashen thing—
This is our masters' will for a world entire!

From the Farm

I

For whom has the cosmic toil paved an infinite road,
For whom is stored the illimitable store?
Whose is the flash revealing the hoped-for God
And inner will of this world since dawn of yore?
It is theirs, on this mountain farm—the hewer and sower,
The reclamer, the builder, the mother, uncowed by the
 load
Hopeless, nor mastered by the earth-mastering goad
Of inferior wills on thrones of a tottering power.

Oh turn from the outer truth for a little span!
Here—here the phoenix-hope of eternal man,
The human heart of it all, the olden dream
Has life like the radiant cloud over twilight wan.
Here, on the battling farm, the unutterable Plan
'Mid immanence of night drinks from the eternal stream!

II

The eternity hallowing old ethnic tombs—
Eternity of prayer, of defiance, of the cold
Calm wedge of endeavor eternal, broods here and glooms.
Here is all life glorious from of old.
Ah, cribbed and powerless while the cyclone sweeps
 the wold,
While Attila is king and god! Yet the glory blooms,
The human fervor which shall sunder a million dooms,
The eternity of nameless hope our dreams enfold.

They are helpless to save even this hillside nigh
On whose front sleeps an image of a moon-dark and starry sky
With cloudy pines and with springfire bowered in its
glade.
Yet at hand is the primal corn, the billowing rye,
And from old, a token forever, a child's dumb cry.
Eternity hath life through these hearts which wear its
shade!

III

Here a little ruinous farm in the hills is an altar.
Here the Promethian fire hath its lonely shrine.
Here, 'mid all ravin of change, they do not falter
In whose voiceless hearts the eternal hope is wine.
Skyward, no more is the azure glad and benign.
The title to earth is in ruining hands which palter.
The reins of power of the ages are made a halter
Dragged fierce on the steeds of the chariot of life divine.
They have ravaged the wondrous forests on the world-old
heights.
They have poisoned a fair folk-life with the lure which
blights.
Now behind their ravage the bale of the dreadful flame
Casts its pall on the sun and its blood-sign across the
nights
Here on the little farm the eternal lights
Burn on, and the dream which hath no end and no name.

IV

Like a beam of the sun, their eternity! a ray of a star.
Fugitive and transitory as gleams of the sea
When faint waves, heaving, die in foam on the bar,
Or like rain in summer, it goes as transiently.
Like beam of the sun or tide of the ancient sea
It is deeper and more strong than works of the kingliest are;
Than beacons of victory it shines more glad and more far;
Of all we may claim it is highest Infinity.

Yearning of the humble, lashed as a steed of fire
To that chariot of mystic cloud of primal desire;
Wings of the humble, hovering in fate all dumb
Where the priests of mammon, lord of the earth entire,
With childbloom of earth feed the insensate pyre—
Hope of the humble, hope of all worlds to come!

V

Harsh, roughened palms, bent forms, and the ceaseless
striving
While the generations are enwoven and the dark earth
glows;
Yet powerless remains their uttermost contriving.
Around their home the modern sirocco blows.
Far away, asleep or vindictive, is he who knows
How soon shall the tempest fall and the fires, driving
In wake of the tempest, leave never a fern-bosk thriving
Nor a hemlock or bloom for his laughter, their babe
who grows.

They love their land, they are loftier even in fate
Than the lesser men, lords of this modern estate.
Their life is the root-life wherefrom have the ages fed.
Though they go in defeat like the great hills, they are great.
For the torch from their hands the eternal centuries wait.
They are that breed which arises out of the dead!

The Afterword

O Human Race, how long must the weary fable
Of this maniac-lapse of thy throne to a clown be told?
Of thy gift of thy wizard word to tongues of babel,
Of thy gift to fools of thy heritage from of old?
Of thy drunken mart where life is bartered for gold
And where gold is a sceptre of the brazen, the perishable,
Till in shamefast and hidden ways the unconquerable
Far-visioning hope of the world alone is told!

O Human Race, how long shall it be a token
Of thy world-wide way, that here, where the roof-tree is
broken,

In powerless persistency thy sacred fire yet bears,
While at hand the life of the very mountains is choked
And the word of power by a drunken giant spoken
Reels, scattering the garnered good of a million years!

DE PROFUNDIS

CONSCIOUSNESS, consciousness! Experience,
obligation, desire! Experience!
We are nothing but you, and yet you are not us!

A WORLD'S LOSS

(In thought of the Jews in Russia and Galacia, 1916)

THEY are crushed down a thousand times, scattered
A thousand times on the listless winds where fade
Unnumbered dreams, unnumbered hopes, great
 prides,

Passions of races . . . Crush the quicksilver,
Scatter the lightning! No, they will not die
To whom all ruin seems but tempering flame
And bath of the beaten blade tempered anew.

In the tragic light still flows the fountain free,
From lonely ethnic mountains, from Caucasus;
Through earth-deep crypts the outlasting waters flow.

Marvelous is the fountain of the Jew!
But oh ye gardeners, oh ye nations, shame;
Not that the indestructible water flows
To a salt and sunken desert, not for *its* sake
The great shame cries and will cry on for aye.
But that the yearning growths of humankind,
Panting for the folk-waters, are denied;
Shame, that our garden of the soul of man,
Our modern garden, pants for watering
In vain, while yet the lasting fountain pours
Its waters to be scattered on the sand,
Wasted on the sirocco, trampled as brine
On the margins of old desolate tideless seas!

LIFE IN THE MILLENIUMS

THEY are more subtle and simple than we guess,
Those humans of the unvision'd years that come,
Gardeners in time's long after-wilderness.
They have profoundly brooded on their doom;

Profoundly brooding they have come to know
What moves behind these queries of the brain,
A cloud on high and fountain-source below,
An ancient road their feet shall tread again.

From none of our true mysteries have they gone
Hopeless, indifferent or victorious.
What peace their vastly-temper'd heart has won
Or genius fashion'd, is at hand for us.

Their tongues are gentle and their hearts are warm.
Their hands bear well the load of every day.
Their joy has energy and their vision form,
Yet undividable is their inward way,

Their undiscernable way along the foam
Of a beloved shingle, where the flood
Rolls lifeward from that Sea where God is home,
And yearning deepward rolls where Life is God.

Assuredly, through whatever zone on zone
Unfolded, reft by lightning of the soul
Or conquer'd through this Will against the Unknown
Of hand and brain, Life shall be beautiful

And therefore like the stars, or like the shell
Or voice of children or love's divining way,
Or like lark-song or tone of vesper-bell,—
Holy and simple beauties of to-day.

Three million years on earth has Life to last
While even the constellations form and fade;
And we who throb, who burn, we are but The Past,
Forgotten dwellers of times of primal shade.

Vain is even fancy, for a hundred years
Shall wrap our world in splendor and gloom undream'd,
And yet . . . what key the last millenium bears
For heaven's last gate, each human heart hath deem'd!

THE CHALLENGE

THERE is the cosmic writing on the scroll.
There is dream warring against dream,
and love

Forfending love; and there in heaven above,
Silent, the unconcerned infinities roll!

. . . . I saw the glory upon the sunward rim
Blaze in one jewelled mist and die away;
And gladly into that glad dying day
My soul would die, knowing its heaven dim.

I, who am earth, remain, and Beauty dies.
For us, only our heart's joys never gain
That secular Everlasting whereof pain
Is lord—pain in the sparkling silent skies.

There in the flooded mist Eternity
Had life alone, and only there I go
Who, mazed within the labyrinth below,
Am bound to learn Beauty alone can die.

Until the last life dies Beauty shall bloom;
Until the last life dies Beauty shall go
In dimning memory where no dream may know;
Nor any life conquers that seeming doom.

Beauty alone, of all the worlds which seem
From endless age to endless age, can wane;
There is not any thing utterly vain
Save only personality and its dream.

There is not any thing in all the stars
Which is not fulfilled in the glorious whole,
Not any thing but the desiring soul
Beating its finite wings on infinite bars.

. . . Unless through such vain doomful longing driven
Where death is life at last, Beauty shall draw
Mysteriously unto it the cosmic law,
And every wild heart be creation's heaven!

. . . We will surrender the eternal aim
If that need be, but we will not pretend
Of life, that it is nerved toward that great end
Which blazed on our young eyes when the dawn
came:

When dawn came rolling out of pearly seas
Or bloomed in ruddy rose on Alpine lands,
Or cried in the near voice none understands,
Or lit heaven's void with love's intensities.

Because we do not know that none can know,
Because we do not know that victory,
Crowning life's giant year, can never be,
Because the riddle is not yet spelled through,

Because in all the obscure enormity
Of human hope mazed amid cosmic law,
Still toward uncharted wastes the dim tides draw
And there is no Impossibility,

Therefore nerved for the supremest end
Are our hearts, and the fierce flame we pass on
To generations of dawns beyond the dawn;
Still life's great simple hope our souls defend.

But well we know, and we dare speak aloud:
That if death ends our life of personal souls,
If limitation forbends our nobler goals
And unto everlasting the God is bowed,

Bowed under space and time and choice and death,
The immortal God who through our eyes looks on,
The unresting God who through our brain has blown,
Blown through our finite brain an infinite Breath—

Well do we know, if life for us is vain
And the passions which make heaven are dust at last
For our dim lives, then for those fair and last
Millennial children of our blood, such pain

Clings, and such anguish as our frail hearts wait,
Such silent horror under the cold stars
And such eternity of inward wars,
And loves like ours broken by cosmic fate.

God! if our children are to purchase peace—
If the Prometheus and his fire must die,
If infinite, infinite personal destiny
And all its wings and pangs and stars must cease,

Be it ours at least, the last deluded souls,
To clasp that hand leading toward desert ways
Where great beasts roam and the vague sand-leagues
blaze
And the immortal mirage lone unrolls,

Ours, ours to choose the vast blocks overthrown
Of Nile and of Arabia, home and tomb;
For the mirage made glory of the doom
And what of meaning life has ever known!

THE FULFILLMENT OF APRIL

CLAIRVOYANTLY, dim, yet with sheen
of dew
From the long mists of summer, bloom
those days
Grown far more fair adown the somber hue
Of earth's obscurer ways,

Life's ways. Wide was the thunder-zone, the rush
Of rains athwart our slippery road which came
Bafflingly, till here the daisy-glades we brush
And breathe their autumn flame.

Futile, when fell July was like a hound
Fast on the panting of a famished hind,
Futile as bloom on heaped and reddened mound
Seemed all our Life behind;

It's dream seemed futile. So the bounding main
Would be remembered by the otter caged
Or the sea-bird with shattered wing, in vain
Fluttering, and unassuaged.

Far more than inner desolation . . . fear,
And the pain beyond all pain, of helpless love
When on loved cheeks the uncompensated tear
Reflects no light above

And no illusion veils the dark or warms
The sudden air from gulfs which seem to keep
Our only peace beyond the last of storms,
Our last and dreamless sleep.

And all the bitter fainting of our soul,
The failure not of deed but even of dream,
The vision stumbling past its blinded goal . . .
And now . . . like heaven gleam

Far fields of April which at last are ours.

All the rains of decrescent summer are but haunting dew.

Never in all our day have flamed such flowers,
Have rolled such waves of blue

As in autumn now . . . whose heart of interior fire
Is the lost Apriltide reborn at last,
Its glory of wise victorious desire
Sealed by that nigher Past,

By midworld hours of wild disharmony
Made grave and assuréd, and eager as a child
And as the phoenix risen from ashes, free,
And as the centaur, wild!

THE WILL OF GOD

IN no age of long ago are we quite powerless to see
God, militant or laborious in man, moving toward
ends which neither they knew nor even wholly we.

They are like meteors flying in the dark night, under
silent stars; like comets, grown nigh and faded to grow
nigh again. Like journeying migratory flights of the wild
geese or plover they seem, those ages long ago whose pulse
is in our blood; those ages long ago whose gleam is at our
threshold. Flaming and elusive Will of God, fugitive, eternal! And shall it again be known, to ages beyond our sleep,
the meteor, voyager toward unknown zones of migratory
being, comet of untraced parabola . . . the Will of God
in this *our* life, in our own age?

Most haunting music, thunder on the hills, whisper of
the tide: bewildering is our age, whose souls of fire, whose
adventurous energies know not Thee. O Destiny of the

Horizons: knowing Thee not, we do Thy will. It is, amid complexities so infinite, our way; we do Thy will, yet know not Thee.

I look toward the hemlock titan, toward the grape-leaves far in its rhythmic branches. Sunlight and gloom, and green-gloom luminosity on its bole; and beneath, in the sunfilled chasm, with arrowy swiftmess the river flows. What herds of protean sheep of the skies, what mountains of transcending snow, what wreaths of dark under-cloud, drive with the world-wind through an azure dome, on face of the waters of measureless heaven, waters whose pure white foam is on all the shores of the stars! *They* seem to *know* Thy will, O God. Is it only on silent mountain heights, in forgotten hours, that we may ever know as they?

Oh will there never a trumpet sound, or banner be cast to some gleam of day which all our nature knows? Divided lives, may we not wholly do Thy will, and know Thy will, before our end? The fusing electric spark, shall it never come; our work of God, must it only be woven deep in inscrutable hazardous deed, whose light of meaning in God shall appear, far off, to ages beyond our sleep, the light of dead stars, or gleam on a horn of olden mountain, distant and untrod, whose sand shall be ploughed in the fields of a thousand years?

Oh to hear Thy trumpet sounding on Thy plain of a thousand years!

But now, with divided lives, conscripts of hazardous deed, inscrutibles in an inscrutable world, we do Thy will yet know it not.

“SHADOWS WHICH HAUNT THE
SUN-RAIN”

(E. A. W. AND A. G. W.)

IT is not willed that Death should let us be.
Not earth's, nor heaven's children yet were we
If in our life the Shadow paled from day.
Where earth hath wedded with Eternity
Our life is born. And where that ecstasy
Burns into shadow, leads our haunted way.

. . . . You pass'd when August lilies were pure as foam,
And you, O Greatheart, in wild rains and gloom
Of darkening winter; and mould and changeless stars
And dark winds 'round a planet were all your home.
Where are you now, when the wild-apple bloom,
The song and violet burst all mortal bars?

Oh where the Shadow haunts the heart of spring,
Where from dark wells the dragon-fly takes wing,
Where from dark founts our joyous love is fed
And from dark choirs in sleep our far souls sing;
In the dark dawn of God-in-everything
We are together, and naught in you is dead.

For like yon rolling wheel of morn Life rolls
Eternally, past never-ending goals;
And it is perenduring as the wave
Or flight of hope in mystic human souls;
Forever silvern, 'twixt the whirling poles
Like spring, it crowns with bloom the unconquer'd
grave.

“I am the Life, the Resurrection I!”
Oh how the overpowering dawn-winds sigh
In teeming flaming orchards with life of you!
Deep in the heart of spring's long ecstasy
You are one with Life Indeed which can not die—
Enduring shadow whose breath is April's dew!

THE VOICE OF UNAKA

NOW as of yore, O Spirit of Man,
Eternity speaks out of me.
The great Dream keeps its rainbow-span . . .
And the raindrop falls into the sea.

Articulate, not as they of old,
The archaic kindred of your blood,
Dumb seekers of the Fleece of Gold,
You greet the coming of the God.

Yet through your life they have lived on;
And in yon chasm and in yon sky
And in my heart's most buried stone,
Their Shadow clasps their Ecstasy.

I am the old hill of strange lands,
Oh, numberless as all dreams in you.
Of me are the far ocean sands
And the last sheen of morning's dew.

Through dim milleniums, morn by morn,
Throne after throne of evening's blaze,
The Races on my flanks are born
And mine are their unmemoried days.

Yield, oh yield up your personal plan.
The raindrop falls into the sea,
But the one dream embracing Man
Floods the last darkling gorge of me.

Oftenest falls the innumerable
Rain where no conscious ear or eye
May hark the faint reverberant bell
Or watch the encircling ripple die.

Lone in the dim unconsciousness,
Your own, or beast, or tree, or bird,
The eternal revelations press
Moulding no movement and no word

And by the marge of conscious day,
Masked in strange shape of fire and flower,
These revelations haunt alway
The boundaries of your luminous hour.

Unmitigable, solitary, dread
In wildernesses 'neath the stars,
The Inscrutable bends down its head
The enmeshed soul flutters at the bars.

And to each being comes at last,
O Race of Man, such boon as brings
The authentic glory from the Vast
And dew from everlasting springs.

It comes in creature-love, in death
On battle-fields of many names,
In fountains welling underneath
Utter confessionals and shames.

It comes as moonlight balm to these,
To others, like a solar fire,
Whispering, Toil in blameless peace!
Whispering, Furnace of desire!

And the eternal rainbow flames,
The raindrop falls into the flood;
And many dreams, and many names
Hath life, at home at last in God.

To each one life Redemption comes,
A Voyager in the night, and goes,
And the meaning of Whose strange fain dooms
None unto everlasting knows.

The raindrop falls into the sea
Deep in the radiant west I gleam,
And from my brow Eternity
Makes answer to desiring dream,

But the raindrop falls, and not in kind
Differing from beasts or from dumb men
Or all the dumb world's legions blind,
O conscious heart, you sink again.

The redemption is beneath my stones,
Which are as the stark world of old.
It is where the world's ocean moans,
Yea, where dark suns through heaven are rolled.

O conscious Man, enough: rejoice!
Into the sea the raindrop dies,
But it is the sublimer choice
To be earth's brother 'neath the skies,

Deep-woven in the undying spell,
One with unconscious Being all;
To have not ever said, Farewell,
Lost sea, where alien raindrops fall!

THE PASSAGE

I

ON these meadows where the mountains gloom and
vastness guards its own
I am rapt as they, and the years are moving like
vague distant tides
Streaming northward under sundown, or the deep and
single tone
Far beneath all vibrant harmony, a deep tone that abides.

II

On these meadows where the storm-gust and the wild
rains eddy fast
And the yonder cornfields bow and the swift cry of
toil rings loud,
They are dim as dream and faint as old desires of an alien
past,
Those deeps of the One and Silent, *grown now a war-
rior crowd!*

SWINBURNE'S "TRISTAM OF LYONESSE"

NOW drifting vast over a changeless land
In a swan's brain, on wings mournful and
slow,
A fading glory shines upon the sand—
Sahara, dim, unmeasurable below.

Is there not odor of the violet
Faint in remembered whispering of old pine?
Where is the fountain, glimmering jet on jet
Absolute, pure in bosk of spring divine?

I, the swan's soul, wing onward the lone vast,
Desert illimitable, on and on the same.
Is there wild rose twined on the burning blast?
The sand blast whirls keen like a whirling flame.

There are loud waves ringing as bells ring loud,
Thundering bells by Hebridean graves.
I am the swan drifting 'mid spumy cloud,
Gusts of sand spume blown from the unmoving
waves.

Innumerable the dunes heap on and on.
Low on the southward verge, snow mountains
gleam.

How are my plumes drenched in unpassing dawn,
Vain lost Mediterraneans of dream!

THE DEBT OF LOVE

TIS the last truth, scarce learned ere we grow cold:
Our debt, O Friends, we never can repay!
For we have loved Her, the World Mother old;
The eternal Mother holds our love in sway.
From that dim breast and knee we can not stray
Though the dark land burns into spirit gold.
We are by love bonded to Love untold;
We love, and we are bonded souls for aye.

Oh it is long, how long our love hath poured,
Heedless of seeming law, toward Love unknown.
For that one debt, dwindles earth's highest-heaped hoard.
There is never word on flutes of dreamland blown
Can bless that holy sweetness, Mother or Lord,
Toward Whom the innumerable sand glows great and
lone!

We have loved the Mother. She? . . . What debt *She* pays?
Since even we, dreams of an hour, can guess
No imaginable repayment for the faint blaze
Lit each in each toward each through vain caress;
Never we humans, each toward each, may press,
Though we may bleed on yearning lifelong ways,
To that dreamed heaven where, rays on living rays,
Lover to lover would repay and bless.

So She, the Mother, Who yearns through our blood
As through yon silent flashing of the skies,
In Her so human, infinite Way of Good
Gropes baffled to repay infinities;
For She has loved us! Ah! None understood
Why from of old the God in heaven sighs!

ETERNITY

AN alien is *shadow* today.
It is youth's day
And the day of social power,
Of kindly common sense,
Of objective toil
And the flowing life of the world.
Yet shadow remains,
An alien come from no land save the heart alone;
And over the transitory
And the tiny and awkward things,
Over our comic life,
Still an eternity weeps.

It is our way.
We must see eternity in the now
Or else the now in eternity.

For we are of eternity.
It is the creation of the soul,
The image of the soul,
And we—our wonder and doom—
We are souls.

All is of time but the soul,
And time will have all else.
Yes, things and power and beauty and joy,
All are of time.

And of time and of place and of change,
Of these is the meeting of souls
And the parting of souls
And the relation of souls.
Time is the keeper of them all.

And the soul?
Of the soul is eternity;
Eternity is the instinct of the soul
Eternity in the now
Or the now in eternity,
And soul, which is mortal love—longing and love
alone,
And eternity, the reflex of the soul!

Change, and the fading of all, process and time;
And the noise of their passing, the dust on their
way, stirred by their movement,
Such is the meeting of souls
And the parting of souls
And the relation of souls.
There is one Irony,
One alone—
The Irony of love
And of its shadow, eternity,
And the meeting of souls and their parting,

Souls which are blown in the wind of time,
Whose opportunity
Is wrought and unwrought by time,
And whose hope, whose relationship,
Whose longing to build and to endow
Is enfranchised by the soul,
Blood-bonded with its eternity
And at last is known
As only a token
Writ upon water, upon sand,
A reflex of process and change.

Need we be calm,
Or laugh, or conceal, or forego
At least the balm,
The balm of that shadowing wing
Of solemn eternity,
When on us there breathes
That breath of the doom of all,
When souls are divided by change,
By the labyrinth and maze of time,
When limitation curbs the illimitable?
Leave us our sorrow, and the moan
In the breast of wordless souls,
Even the mist on our brow
And our moan of waves on a shore
Lit by no stars or sun

Ah, leave us
Eternity, its gloom, its dream,
Leave us the way of the soul,
The eternity in the now
Even if the now have no eternity!

THE INFINITE DESIRE

'Thy years pass not away.'

ON the remotest and sheer horn or the hills
There has rained all night Thy moving celestial fire.
Thy loneliness in Thy night whelms me and thrills.
Now lies that solemn dream on the eastward pyre.
Between unfathomed dark and the boundless choir
Of wild winds and birds to wake when Thy dark
word stills—

Ere Thou God of Conquering Day clasp Thy
mountain-lyre
Or Thy flaming orient this yearning of shade fulfills,
I recall once more Thy mystery of infinite desire.

Here there is silence: faint is the dreadful crying
Of a world blasted with darkest mystery,
And faint past the northern mountains dies the sighing
Of one loved life wasted through love for Thee,
Calling Thee, dumbly, Justice, Loyalty:
Faint is that loved life, silent, where no flying
Wings on the shore of the vast dawn shake free
The unaging hope, nor the great Hand seems plying
On the loom of reachless hush'd infinity.

Yet beyond any other marvel of dreaming
It comes anew—burning from God's own hand
Down the world's wrack, a silent lightning gleaming,
And rolling answer on a ruined mountain land—
How the beginning and the end, long planned,
The destiny of every dew-drenched meadow beaming
Or dark ice-labyrinth of the last Arctic strand,
Is the salt unaging wave, the sun's redeeming
And yon glory in darkness none may understand.

And the last soul on the last Mount of Yearning,
Unknowing all illusion, all our fears,
Winged with white understanding, vastly earning
The indifferent passion, the rythm of the spheres,
Still shall the last soul meet with tears Thy tears,

Thine everlasting sigh with sighs returning;
Unto Thy night of stars life's last hope bares
The uncreate bosom, faithful, mystic, burning
On the world-altar of the triumphing years.

In the dawn-dark on the silent mountain, how Thy
lamps wander
'Mid deeps where our time is unreal, unknown, O Hand
Freighted with desirous futurities! While dimning yonder
Fall Thine aureoles of starry destiny, while laved and
fann'd
By sunward imminent destiny, the golden strand
Of Thy chang'd, Thine earthward world-wandering
knows the wonder
Of one beam in Thy deep, one shrine-fire in holy land,
Still on Thy mystery of infinite dream I ponder,
On Thine arc o'er the night of stars and of souls
dim-spann'd.

Laden, Oh God, with marvel and pain and yearning
Come the rumors of Thy tomorrow, Thy yesterday.
They were fain—yonder Scorpion, yon Bear—unto eyes
lone-burning
On the Persian desert, on fields of Thessaly.
And where all these constellations are but whitening spray
On Thy shores of fathomless intent—where unreturning
Goes Alcyone, yea, Andromeda—outlastingly
Freighted with lovely awe to souls discerning
In all times, all worlds, bides yon westering Milky
Way

How its smoke was blown all night in heaven, O Desirer!
Stupendously changeless, elusive as smoke in a wood,
Exquisite and icy and tender as Thee, O Firer
Of the lamps of patient night, seems Thy wan abode
Through whose many mansions our wondering life has
glow'd,
Through whose many ages and dim worlds to Thee,
Inspirer

Of finite dream, we have breathed our longing for God
And through Thee, no futile half-dream or finite conspirer
But illimitable beauteous Love, have borne our load!

. . . . Dream desire? We have known desire,
 inscrutable Lord!

Finite desire we have known, whose shadow are we:
For Thou made'st it in lonely centuries without word,
To burn till our life shall end, unwearingly.
Ages on ages unto Thy haven flee;
Through unnumbered deific zones our dream hath soar'd;
Many the names we have named, dim Lord, for Thee:
While through dumbness on hath the inner night-wind
 pour'd
On the inner will, namelessly, tonguelessly

Beneath innumerable dreams of our human hour.

We know in what vasts of Time those seeds were sown
Which in every brain of man are the dreamful flower
And furtive intimacy of every soul alone;
How through dreams the innumerable Man is known
Whose seeds of dream are a baleful and beauteous dower.
There in the strange dream-garden world-winds moan,
In star-dusk there wavers the runic sower,
Desirous Life, guarding its mystic own!

And soul beyond soul, clan following clan, we ponder,
Through deed or dream the mysterious bars which hold
The flesh, the pang, the inheritance and wonder
Of human life wide on our earthly wold;
And dream following dream, Desire doth dare the cold
Denying gulfs impossible which sunder
A whole world's being from the Dream Untold,
And peal on peal comes the responding thunder,
O God, down airless night, now as of old!

We of the dreams, O desiring God, we know Thee!
Creative God, Dreamer in Mystery,
Partaking God! we, dreamers, are drawn unto Thee

Like mountain-waterfalls unresting for the sea.
And the deep ocean is our type of Thee;
Down Thy moontracks of the far deep we throw Thee
Who had'st no tide if Thou wert wholly free,
Who had'st no love Thine own if all below Thee
Were seal'd, nor dreams wert Thou not even as we!

. . . . Voiceless, not vain, the Desire! Vain not forever
Through our life, hath burned that inward flame away.
Far on Thy cosmic hills its fiery river
Is recalled within shelly stone and the fossil'd clay;
Thy cloven gorges are stored with its ancient day,
Thy innumerable flowers proclaim it: 'Giver,
Creator, Lover!' And at last, to Thy zenith play
These tongues of our fiery finite desire; they shiver
'Mid Thy skyey fells, Thy maze of siderial spray,

Thy forge and Thy cosmic shrine-fire, O Kindred Flame!
Finite desire we have known, dumbly, whose deed,
Being finite, withers in the supernal gleam
Even as Thou, Godly Desire, art a withering reed
To the supplication of any finite need.
Finite desire we have known, and hopeless blame
Of any work or word where those wild fires lead,
The destiny-haunted insights of finite dream.
O Infinite Dream, what work, what word were Thy
meed!

. . . . On Thy hills now a turbulent splendor. Intricate
past moil
Of the loom of intricate minds not pattern'd on Thee
Though constrain'd in Thine incommensurable team-work
toil;
Turbulent, intricate like foam on a heaving sea
Go blooming and burning Thy mists of eternity.
They are broken by Thy chasms of gloom, which do not foil
The overreaching splendor of Thy legion whose dawn-
gleams flee
Down transient hoary paths of the mountain-coil,

Turbulent dawn-highroads aflame with ecstasy.
All night they were builded under the changeless skies.
Dim were a thousand gorges while the dawn-fogs grew.
Gone from the lowlands, lost to their yearning eyes
Were Septentrion and Pleides, all joy Thy mountains knew
Of that chasmic loveliness beyond the noon-hour's blue,
Of the awe in heaven and Thy plenteous galaxies.
All night 'mid enshrouding deepening mists they flew,
The shuttles of Thy silent loom of mysteries,
And all night 'mid Thy weaving fell deeper the raven-hue.

Woven is Thy tapestry; builded are the argent ways.
Ten thousand miles o'er a land wide as Thy beam,
Old as Thy world, fresh as Thy fount of days,
In rivers of the ruby and argent Thy mysteries stream.
Yet fades not the raven-mood from the victory-gleam:
There where through chasms and wells go the living rays,
Where dark in Thy gorges Thy leaf and Thy flesh-
life teem,
On the yonder wall of the mist-gulf Thy raven stays—
Yea, in hearts on yon viewless floor bides that
shadowier dream.

God of the dawn of splendor! God of the loom
Who by might of shadow weavest a mist of flame,
Who with ruddy flame thriddest yon heart of gloom:
O Change, O Immanent Unchanging God Whence it
came,
God Who exceedest judgment, nor any name
May name Thee, nor any hope nor its surer doom
May of Thee be the sum or end, nor worth nor blame
In Thy star or mountain or soul be crown or tomb,
Being Infinite Thee in aimlessness or in aim:

O Conquering God! Though vistas have flash'd on us
Of Thy lonely constellations, Thy siderial time,
And long horizons of the death-grip ravenous
Of life-past-thought in this world of blast-heat and rime;
Though Thine is more than an infinite human crime;
Though God-in-Man of old is an icy dross

In dead stars of Thy night, lone cosmic tombs sublime;
Oh and for all and for all, our infinite loss,
Thou art Conquering God. Unmitigably Thy chime

Beats out the transcending measure, O Passionate God!

By no proof, but as thunder rolls or volcano quakes
Or on breathless shores wells the unwhispering flood
And phosphorescence in night, Thy communion wakes.
Yea, as in phosphorescent water there shakes
Around every moving life an illumined road,
So Thou God in Deed art a rain of starry flakes
Around lives in all ways under heaven knowing Thee good,
Knowing Thee God the Desirer for their dim sakes.

That which *they* have known since Thy lurid lightnings
were o'er them
And Thy blood-heat of the tiger and Thy wing of the
eagle they knew,
Whose inveterate leal love, while Thy cosmic talons tore
them,
O'er fierce nests in the wilderness the guardian pinion
threw;
What *they* will'd, beyond Thy lightning, of hallowing blue,
What coercion of Thy vaster will scathed and upbore them
While Thy lightning, Thine eagle and Thy tiger to
beauty grew
And their dauntless mortal love out of night before them
Glow'd growingly from Thee Indeed, the God and
the True,

Make it ours through Thy day-dark, O God, Ineffable!
Now all Thy fields of calm night are paled and are ended.
One little lonely lamp in Thy deep hangs full,
Whelming, on the brow of an eastward world. Extended
Is Thy mace of the awful sun, on a hill-land splendid
With tropic power and white like the frozen pole.
There Thine infinite Desire with all finite will burns
blended—

Thy minotaur-labyrinth, O God, of the finite soul
In finite doom, by infinite Love defended!

FORGET-ME-NOT

(Called in the Northern States "Quaker Lady")

AT COUNTY CORNERS, NORTH CAROLINA

PLOTINUS' flower—
Such to my dream, Forget-me-not, art Thou!

In the desert of space, the ruin of years, he dream'd thee;
Wintry, in gray ages, he dream'd the supernal dream.

Now on the wintry mountain . . . the unwakening
forest,
Tortur'd and sombre, clings. The grasses are sere,
And the wind's cry is winter.

But the clouds in heaven,
And the sun in his throne-garden of reachless bloom,
And here on earth thy token, Forget-me-not!
Guide still the journey of the one to the One.

Structural and delicate and absolute, O spiritual being!
Wavering, pulsating legion
Innumerable, over dark stone and sod;
Oh innumerable
As globes of water and fire on evening's marge,
The innumerable dews, fading in air,
Those clouded legion is a grail of eternity;
Yet perfect one
As that following love in music's unearthly passage
Or as dew on petal 'neath the moon or in dawn's own
blaze:

Lo! here on the wild, the tremendous mountain, thy
sacrament,
Though the tread of winter, a titan in a waste of ages,
And his power of winter, on this doomful way is the lord!

And, dim blue flower
As the violet bloom'd in Hellas, surely thou,
When Plato netted the wild swan of the stars,

Had'st bloom under Hymettos' far escarpment,
Flower of all mystics and lovers, ever and ever !

Plotinus' flower

As Plato's, though never may these have named thy
name—

Flame of the old world, bride of the stars of morning,
O lamp, whose original flame was Fountain of all—
Though hast yielded anew, to a soul wintry and dumb,
On a mountain dumb with winter, the desired sign.
There is beauty anew in a heart which hath wrong'd its
dream;
The journey of the one to the One drinks hope through
thee !

OH I CANNOT LEAVE THE VALLEY

OH I cannot leave the valley
For all the haunting and sky-fed purple heights
Whose crying and glooming fills the spiritual
nights

And whose legions rally
Beyond my threshold like smoke or arrowing flights,

For I cannot leave the returning
Of bee and bloom in the valley of miracle,
All its mist and murmur and ruby chalices full
Of the earth wine yearning
Through veins of the lilac—Spring, the illimitable,

The Merlin of ages
Who is known in one apple-blossom sole and supreme,
Who in all the world-wide orchard is breath and gleam,
Who is keeper of the pages
Of the book of the Starry Wizard Who dreams the
dream !

Not yet from the valley,
Though the host-fires are yonder nigh on the wintry zone,
Though deeply at night the mountains have call'd their
 own;
For continually
 Through graven arcs of the soul is lilac blown,
And the bees are desiring
 In winds of the south, and the flash of the starry page
 In Merlin's hand is our life from age to age,
Yea, our life aspiring
 Toward the lists of the Lonelier Gods and their sterner
 guage!

THE IMMUTABLE TRYST

THE rushing crowd on the street,
 The shouting mart,
 The high illuminations,
Paens and battles of the social way,
The fleet commanding tryst of the onward Races
Yet all the time I knew, somewhere beyond
Another tryst was waiting—
A far more poignant tryst
But terrible, shadowed, inevitable.

And where the sundown folded
And the red waves marched under the sundown verge,
Or in the Milky Way
When all of tenderness and all of awe
And all of exstacy world without end
Seemed like a dove's moan down the infinite sky,
Still I have known
Another tryst, another sanctuary,
Another unlatched gate
And a desire, and a terror more
My own, and more unmittigable than these.

Then I have guessed,
When many human beauties were anigh,

When love more fain than death came close to me,
When from divine brows and diviner souls
A lightning leaped piercing and hallowing me,
Or when like grass
Under the feet of lives all beautiful,
Of lives desired past all hope or dream,
I have bowed down,
Then I have guessed sometimes
That the tryst so beautiful,
So terrible, so passionately vain
And self-regardless, that the infinite
And finite were made one by it alone,
Was here in the love of soul for human soul.

But like a bell sounding out of the core
Of a granite mountain, like a wave that heaves
On its deeper heaving way all waves of the heart,
A pulse on which the throbbing of the blood
Tosses like leaves on a heaving mountain stream,
Still even beneath that love which conquers life
And death and the seeming-self and gathers all
Of sundown longing and the Milky Way
Unto a breast known by a human name,—
Beneath this deepest deep, beyond this bound
I knew a tryst was waiting—terrible,
Poignant, desired with power of the rushing world,
Patient as rock or far star-nebulæ
And sure as lightning when its hour should fall.

I have known that tyrst, which had no place or name,
Was as a trysting place of the Great Lord.
I have known, that the glory of the crowd,
And dream of nature, and the crushing joy
Of love for one alone, child, woman, friend,
Were wrapped within that tenfold lightning-beam
Whiter than lightning and more sundering
That hung invisibly forevermore
Over that trysting place so near, so nameless;

And that my soul should save the world, should save
Itself, through clasping utterly that faint flame,
That lightning, that destroying conquering blade
Which kills and heals unto eternity;
And I have known that every human soul
Must save the world and me, even as I save.

I have called 'Self' that nameless trysting place.
Once actually, on the world's rim alone,
God pointed me . . . how every life of man
Bore in its arms, and not unknowingly,
Another Life wherein the world's fate lay
As a child lies upon the mother's breast:
How every life of man should wonderingly
Sometime breathe out and clasp this lovelier Breath,
And so should clasp the mystic Breath of All
Which was a yearning child and yearning mother
And yearning lover toward each life of man.

When I, the Keeper of the Tryst, shall go
To that so immanent Place which is indeed
No place, which dwells in an eternal Now
And like a dark sun bides the dreadful hour
Of crashing onset and unthinkable flame,
Of measureless intensity and far-strown
Semen of worlds and worlds of lives to be,
When I shall go that so-immanent tryst
And shall embrace that Lightning! . . . ah, at hand
In the billowing day, in love and dread it presses,
Here at the crossroads of the living Real
Wherein is death already a thousand times
Dead and a thousand times from ashes born,
Wherein is life already like a sword
Tempered in ancient fires, and re-fed flame
Of the Will ever fiery winged anew
Burns through us and burns through our friends and foes
And is a shattering lightning even toward these
For whom we yearn to break our hearts and die!

IMPOSSIBILITY

MID the strange wild sweet land, in antique dream
I faced at last The Impossibility.
In fugue of night, under the unchanging Gleam,
That still cold precipice rose confronting Me.
And in the night-dream truth indifferently
Dared. In the ancient mood the icy beam
Searched the stark precipice of reality
Beneath our heaven of the auroral stream.

For the night-dream requires possible dooms;
The original longings heed not our sigh
For whom only the ineffable aurora blooms,
Who can not know The Impossibility,
The indifferent truth of the milleniums
Which the soul must not know, or it would die!

THE STOICAL HOPE

THERE is one hope: How consciousness,
Passing from dark flow to dark flow
Of effort in the Limitless,
Freed by brief death, may truly know

O happy Ones—since they are passed,
The warring duties—happy Dead:
O happy Dead, ye no more cast
On any balance, any thread

The weight that sinks, the weight that breaks
Or scale of the Dividing God
Or intimate filament which shakes
Our life over the drowning flood.

Oh happy Dead, ye go no more
Seduced by will, by truth scourged on,
Over the narrow glimmering shore,
Life's hour beneath the misty sun,

Compelled by sateless thought, whose wing
Beats toward the sky of ages deep,
Toward mornings where the unborn shall sing
Beyond our waking or your sleep

Beyond your sleep, oh happy Dead,
Since ye no more bear up that fire
Into whose white heart we are fed
Alike by duty and desire.

Oh happy Dead, we no more dream
How, quiet souls in holy rood,
Ye bask under a lesser gleam
Oh quail from the strange doom of God.

Far we gaze we can not mark
On life's track, even through starry gyres,
Aught ultimate marriage of the Dark,
The Infinite, with our laboring fires;

And there is no last home of man;
Nor do we dream life is with ye
Like fair cry of the dying swan
Floating to an enchanted sea.

A strange, a humbler, ah, more great
Mournful and lordly dream we keep
Of the dark countenance of Fate
And your way in the mystic deep:

Oh happy Dead, our one demand
Of the unplumbed unreached heart of God,
Is somehow that ye understand,
(Pausing within the timeles Mood,)

Why God, who loves us, planted here
Love infinite in the hour that dies,
Thought winging a remoter year,
Conflicting goals 'neath warring skies;

How God, who loves us, breathing breath
Of infinite heat from infinite flame
In infinite beings doomed to death,
Can yet be God whom the stars name—,

The cold, illimitable, throbbing stars,
The unheard and trumpeting stars, crying
Over the wild heart's and thought's wars
The Passion beyond Everything!

THE LAST CHORD

“**T**HE glory of the sum of things
Would flash along the chords and go!”
And where these world-vibrations flow
The spirit of man takes world-wide wings.

I know not why, in the last word,
This foaming river and the cries
Thronging the valley to the skies
Change the soul in me to a bird

And to a bird change the world's weight,
And through one beat of instant wings
Make glory of the sum of things
And heart's joy of the cosmic fate.

But morn by morn, as my years fold,
More potent grows the ecstasy,
Lovelier the beat of wings through me
When wedded with the mountains cold,

When given to the sounding choir
Crying the glory of the doom
Through the dark gorge, past gleam and gloom
To the bastions of far-wandering fire.

Now I come, an unquestioning child.
It is enough The laurel shakes
Out on the foam. The moist wind wakes
Down the long chasm. Fain and mild

Like a bird gathering to her brood
One other nestling gone an hour,
Hovers the gathering cosmic power.
The moaning dove of the world's mood,

The last vibration of the chord,
The throb of planetary wings,
The glory of the sum of things,
Includes me without touch or word!

DEDICATION

THREE souls in each a darkness and a light,
And each more lovely than my own forever!

There is one soul, a foam on the sea, a whispering
Of waters on loved sands; warm and salt waves,
Warm ripples on faint shores ineffable.
I know no joy like that joy your soul owns,
Which is such joy even as the Buddha knew
When from the Indian garden home returning
He saw the hour-old first-born dreaming at last
And her, the ten-years' loved one, lying asleep;
And yet he turned (because the plains were glimmering
And because far the human cry wailed low,)
And went away, and knew the untold-of marvel
Dark in the chill heart of stones nameless ever
And dark in the lone waste of human need—
Joy, which in truth is the Divine grown nigh,
Which is the Godhead freed from selfish will
As it is Godhead freed from vacancy.
From you the laughter of solemn childhood pours.

The eternity which throws on sand-dunes its mantle
As on the vanishing granite or any cloud,
The achieved eternity is yours . . . I can no more.
Still ever the far rolling of the ocean
Rumoring and moaning from the invisible
Down the entrancing shingle, claims your nature.
Only the currents of the mighty Water
Have borne palm fragments and the gleaming bergs
Of austere ice to this marge of your soul,
Your strong soul, fierce, urgent, disconsolate;
And the vast tides from the vast human deep,
The deep of sorrow, yea of the homeless wave,
Rise and fall until death where your soul lingers.

There is one soul, a lightning beyond the mountain
And a star on the precipice of the cloud.
And I have seen in your dewdrop in the morning
And the broad waters of your lifelong way
That lightning. Oh the marvel of the human!
For I have witnessed, faithful amid calm anguish,
Unwavering while the heart's blood flowed away,
You, in the glory of youth fair and passionate,
Warrior and victor through long merciless seasons,
Warrior and victor for the divine lightning.
No desert's solitude more still than yours
Who day by day amid life critical, surging,
Have waged the ancient battle of the soul,
Have borne the victory to that One in Silence
Who takes, and gives but little thanks to these
His heralds and his warriors in the twilight.
And all the human burden, and all illusion
Bides with you still. You guess, in the flying hour,
How sometime, in that long long year your own
Or other year of the slow-widening confluence
Of human life our bark sails to the sea—
You guess, how in the secular age you own
Or far, far hence in mortal works to-be,
The mystic lightning shall find home in deed,

And consummation of fire, thunder and wave,
With no bird's warble foregone, shall all be rendered
Into one human heart, one love, one victory.
So you have marked gloriously a foredoomed goal,
Here and now foredoomed. O Breath of the Storm-wind,
O Intimation of skies beyond the storm,
Dream you or I the unresting lightning pauses
In any deed forever, or any dream
Or any heart, even that heart of marvel
Of the divine fire or of motherhood?
Down the lone skies toward other human ages
And toward life's meaning our brains do not deem,
Down the lone uncompanioned ways it flushes,
And where your lightning goes there your life seeketh.
Wherefore is glory everywhere you go;
And you in difficult deed have wrought some passion
Of the vibration of that chord of being
Incredible, unknowable, beyond forever.
O human Heart frail in a human form,
How are these warring splendors of a one nature
Like the antimonies which make our world,
Which make its marvel, its doom, its fascination,
Which wed yon trampled grass by the roaring highway
With the silence of Andromeda! O mystic Soul!

And there is one soul in whom is all power,
A larger soul than earth was meant to know,
A soul born long ages before life
(What we call life) shall be prepared to hold it.
So, quietly (out of enormous power,)
And gently (out of an intensity
Beside which all I know is dull red fire,)
You have put life away. Sphered and o'erclouded,
Lit with such gleam as bathes the long dead moon,
As far away as God may hold this world
Often you hold our life, our love, our all.
But oh, greatest of souls that I shall ever
Till my life's end know, whom I shall not know,

Still the wild holy doom follows you on.
God cannot go so far love goes not farther,
God cannot so love that he does not need,
And you are immersed in the doom eternal
Of love beating its wings against the bars,
Of love beating its wings within the void,
Of love beating its wings of tragic power.

There are three souls . . . And I seem like a wanderer
Far on some moorland in a night of summer.
I see and do not see the intense world soul,
I know and do not know the o'erwhelming joy,
And the great sorrow is muffled in my faint pain.
The vast clouds pour silent, immeasurable,
Cumulus mountains and cirrus pale in the moon,
And the stars wreath away through the cloud chasms.
Ah me—clouds and the heavens' silent fire
Mysteriously grow one with my dim brain,
Through my dim soul mysteriously grow fairer,
And a flying moment weds their life with mine.
But my imagination flags forever . . .
Far toward the Milky Way their glory reaches,
They move in wonder to an unmeasured rythm,
And I see through a glass vainly and darkly,
In vision vain even as in action vain,
Till my lids drowse on the moorland in summer.

So I, a moment in the long human ages,
Discern in these three souls Eternity . . .

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